

FINAL RESULTS EDITION. GREEN EDITION.

The Witching Hour By the Great American Playwright, Augustus Thomas. The Opening Chapter of This Story in Monday's Evening World

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DRIVER SAYS HE RAN OVER MRS. M'COOK

William Schumann Surrenders to Police While Detectives Search City

READ OF VICTIM'S DEATH

Wagon Obstructed View and Caused Accident in Madison Avenue, He Says.

The mystery surrounding the accident in which Mrs. Edwin S. McCook met injuries which caused her death yesterday, was solved today when William Schumann, a chauffeur, surrendered himself at the East One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street station and admitted that he drove the car that ran down and killed Mrs. McCook. Schumann is employed by Anthony J. Ibbekin, who conducts a garage at No. 27 West One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street.

Briefly stated, Schumann's confession is that he accidentally ran into and injured Mrs. McCook. He had with him in the car as his fares Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Harris, of No. 31 West One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street. The accident occurred at Seventy-fifth street and Madison avenue.

Mrs. McCook was conscious and did not appear to be badly hurt, according to Schumann. He picked her up and placed her in the tonneau with Mr. and Mrs. Harris. She said she lived with her cousin, Gen. Anson McCook, at No. 33 West Fifty-fourth street, and asked to be taken there.

Wanted to Protect "Boss."

Schumann drove his car to Gen. McCook's residence, the Harrises supporting Mrs. McCook during the trip. At the McCook house, when asked his name, Schumann said he was Henry Schady, of No. 827 Madison avenue, and hurried away. When asked why he gave a fictitious name and address he said:

"I wanted to save my boss from being sued. I didn't think the lady was badly hurt."

At the time Schumann gave himself up thirty detectives were working on the case. They had narrowed the zone in which the accident occurred until they were certain it was in the vicinity of Madison avenue and Seventy-fifth street. It is likely that by close questioning in that neighborhood they might have landed Schumann.

The chauffeur gave himself up at the suggestion of his employer, Coroner Shady, after hearing Schumann's confession, held him in \$3,000 bail. The bond was furnished by a Mr. Levy, who conducts a hotel at One Hundred and Sixteenth street and Eighth avenue.

Schumann's voluntary surrender makes plain how Mrs. McCook came to her untimely death. She went to the Christian Science Church at Sixty-eighth street and Central Park West yesterday morning with her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Charles McCook, and a friend of the latter. The three had an engagement to take luncheon at a home in Seventy-fifth street, between Madison and Park avenues.

Actress and Broker Who Say They Have Been Married Since Nov. 25



MISS HOPPER NOW THE WIFE OF A. O. BROWN

Actress and Former Broker Say They Were Married on Nov. 25.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 13.—Mr. and Mrs. Albert Oldfield Brown are in this city. Mrs. Albert Oldfield Brown is Edna Wallace Hopper, that was. The fact of her marriage to the one-time head of the defunct brokerage firm of A. O. Brown & Co. was not made known until their arrival here. Nevertheless it is understood they have been married for almost three months. They say they were quietly married on Nov. 25 in Jersey City.

At the time A. O. Brown & Co. crashed for more than a million it was known that the head of the concern had been very attentive to Miss Edna Wallace Hopper and that he had been exceedingly lavish in his presents to her. During the bankruptcy proceedings last September Mr. Brown admitted that he gave Miss Hopper a \$7,000 automobile and life insurance policies for large sums. From time to time they were reported engaged, but they kept their marriage secret until they arrived here today.

Both have been to the altar before. Mr. Brown's first wife was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Arents, of West Fifty-seventh street, New York. They were separated by a divorce, and on Jan. 11, 1895, Mrs. Brown married William Bishop Averill. Dr. Wolf Hopper was one of Miss Hopper's husbands.

TAMPA RESULTS.

TAMPA, Fla., Feb. 13.—The results today were:

FIRST RACE—Four-year-olds and up; selling; purse \$150; five furlongs. Klamesha 11.94 (Pickens), 1 to 5; 1 to 4 and out, won. Alrahup 22 (Brown), 6 to 1; 2 to 1 and even, second; Trejolli 31 (Lovell), 8 to 1; even and 1 to 2, third. Time—1:24.34.

Also ran, W. G. Williams, Fancy Dress, Istria, Algeria and Fresh.

SECOND RACE—Four-year-olds and upward; selling; five furlongs; purse \$150. Minnehaha 102 (Hanes), 10 to 1; 1 to 1 and 2 to 1, won; Birdslayer 103 (Lovell), 15 to 1; 6 to 1 and 3 to 1, second; Lucullus 108 (Smith), 8 to 5; 3 to 2 and out, third. Time—1:04. Kate Carney, Cloisteress, Aways, Una, Expect to See and Aunt Tabitha also ran.

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HETTY GREEN WON'T LET HER GIRL MARRY

Hasn't Consented to Engagement With "That Mr. Wilks," She Declares.

SCORES 'THOSE PEOPLE'

Richest Woman Now Has Desk in Stuyvesant Fish's Park Bank Offices.

Mrs. Hetty Green, the richest woman in the world, announces through The Evening World that she has "not yet given her consent" to the marriage of her daughter, Sylvia, to Matthew Astor Wilks, the wealthy Canadian whose relatives sent out an announcement of the engagement from Galt, Ontario, two days ago.

In an effort to learn something from Mrs. Green of her daughter's engagement, it was also learned that Mrs. Green now shares offices with Stuyvesant Fish, in the National Park Bank Building, at No. 34 Broadway.

Mrs. Green as she grows older does not acquire vanity of personal adornment. When she left her home in Bloomfield street, near Fourteenth street, Hoboken, to-day her rusty black skirts were bedragged with mud. Her hat flapped wearily over one ear. When a reporter approached her, she drew away and looked as though she was going to call a policeman.

When Mrs. Green reached this side of the river she went once to the National Park Bank. She was greeted there with much consideration and escorted to the door of the safety deposit vaults, into which she disappeared.

In a few minutes her secretary, Mr. Phelps, an employee of the Chemical National Bank, joined her. They remained in the safety deposit rooms about a quarter of an hour. Mrs. Green then entered the bank elevator and went up to the fourth floor, where there is a suite of offices bearing the name "Stuyvesant Fish" on the door.

She entered and walked to a partitioned-off office at the opposite end of the office from that in which Mr. Fish had his desk. She pulled open a desk here, sat down and busied herself with papers. She still declined to be interviewed.

After opening her mail and going over documents with Mr. Phelps, Mrs. Green left the Park Bank and went to the offices of the Title Guarantee and Trust Company at No. 125 Broadway. On the threshold of this building she decided that she had something to say about her daughter's reported engagement.

"That engagement of my daughter, Sylvia, to Mr. Wilks," she said, "I have not yet given my consent to. I don't know what those Wilks people mean by telling people that it is so. Why, they have even published it in the London Times. But I have not given my consent."

She would say nothing more.

Left Old Quarters Long Ago.

It is news to the financial district that Mrs. Green is now quartered in Mr. Fish's offices. For years she had a room in the Chemical Bank, where she transacted most of her loan business and which was furnished to her by the bank because of the importance of her immense account. About a year ago Mrs. Green quarrelled with the Chemical Bank administration. It was rumored that she had transferred her allegiance to the National Park Bank, but inquiries for her there were always met with professions of ignorance as to her whereabouts.

It became apparent, to-day, that in order to hold the great Green account on their books, the Park Bank had given her a private office on the floor devoted to the Fish estate. Mr. Fish was formerly a vice-president of the bank, and is still one of its heaviest stockholders. Mrs. Green's office is a bare little room, uncarpeted and furnished only with two rolltop desks and a telephone.

Matthew Astor Wilks, whose relatives announced his engagement to Miss Green, was the most prominent guest at Mrs. Green's famous dinner at the Plaza Hotel a year ago, when she undertook to silence the rumors that she was stingy and did not know how to spend money.

Fine New Turkish Baths

Now open at the New Pulitzer Building. Only first-class downtown establishment. Modern in every detail. Electric Turkish Baths. All hours; also barber shop, men's and women's.

Richest Woman in the World and Daughter She Won't Let Marry



BANDITS HALT FLYING TRAIN AND ROB MAIL

Two Masked Men with Fusillade of Shots Terrorize Crew and Passengers.

DENVER, Feb. 13.—Almost within the city limits of Denver, at what is known as Military Junction, two masked robbers early to-day stopped eastbound Denver and Rio Grande passenger train No. 4, known as the Atlantic Express. A fusillade of revolver shots from one of the robbers, the other forced the mail clerk to open the door of his car. The second robber then coolly searched every piece of registered mail in the car, threw the packages he desired into a sack and jumped off.

At the points of revolver the engineer, fireman, baggage man and mail clerks were marched up the track a distance, then told to get back to their train. The robbers then disappeared with their booty.

Got Rich Plunder.

How much they secured is not known but it is believed to amount to several thousand dollars. That they were thoroughly familiar with the railway post office business seems evident, as the robbers in the mail car threw aside package after package after examining them carefully.

Armed forces of deputies and squads of regular soldiers from Fort Logan and police are searching the country around Fort Logan and the foothills in search of the two bandits, but no trace of them has been found. A careful search is also being made in Denver, as the robbery was only eight miles distant from the heart of the city, and the robbers may have made their way here.

The train, which was several hours behind time, was running at a speed of nearly forty miles an hour when suddenly Engineer Gunn heard a voice behind him. Looking around, he found the muzzle of an automatic revolver pointed into his face. Fireman Leasing also found one with two inches of his cheek.

"Slam on the air and stop this train," came the order. "Be quick about it, or we'll blow you out of your brains."

Red-Haired Robber.

This came from the robber attending to the engineer. He was a heavy set man with red hair and wearing a red sweater, the collar of which was pulled up over the lower part of his face. His revolver was pushed against Engineer Gunn's face as Gunn hesitated a moment.

The train was brought to a sudden stop within a short distance of the little station, which was closed for the night.

"Now, you fellows get off this engine as quick as you can," commanded the red-haired robber. "Don't run or make trouble. If you do, this automatic will do business."

Gunn and Leasing obeyed with alacrity. Covered by the hold-ups, they were marched to the mail car, next to the engine.

"Call to the fellows in the mail car and tell them to open the door, and get out of here quick," came the order.

(Continued on Second Page.)

FIREMEN ARE PLUNGED INTO FLAMING RUINS BY COLLAPSE OF ROOF

Two Companies of the Milwaukee Department Carried Down and Five Meet Death Before Their Comrades Can Reach Them.

OTHERS RESCUED BURNED; TWO OF THEM WILL DIE

Explosion That Started Blaze in Steam Plant Caused Panic Among Workmen, in Which Several Were Injured, One so Badly He Died.

MILWAUKEE, Feb. 13.—Two companies of firemen fighting a blaze in the H. W. Johns-Mandeville Company steam plant at No. 225 Clybourn street this afternoon were plunged into the blazing ruins when the roof collapsed. Five of the firemen were killed out dead and a number of others badly injured.

Those who met death were: Assistant Chief James C. Gunning, Lieut. N. J. Whaley, Joseph Bilinski, pipeman; James Burke and John Kraft. Of the injured, Otto Nimmer, a driver, and John McGee will die. Thomas Pichs, an employee of the Johns-Mandeville Company, received burns from which he died at a hospital.

BABY IN BLAZING BED LOCKED IN FROM MOTHER

Woman Vainly Beats at Door While Child Is Burned Within Room.

Because little Celia Rosenwasser committed the sin, forbidden to six-year-olds, of playing with matches, she is in Lincoln Hospital, frightfully burned and likely to die. Her mother is at the hospital too, badly burned about the face and body, but not in a serious condition.

The Rosenwasser household, consisting of the father, Henry, a piano-maker; the mother, Hannah, and little Celia have a flat on the third floor of the big five-story flat-house at No. 231 Brook avenue, the Bronx. When Mrs. Rosenwasser went out this afternoon to buy the Sunday dinner she left the child, a pretty little blue-eyed thing, lying on her bed half asleep.

No sooner had her mother got out of the flat than Celia climbed off the bed and went into the kitchen. It is believed she got a box of matches from a shelf and struck one of them. The box and a lot of spilled matches were subsequently found on the kitchen floor, where the child had dropped them. At any rate the child set her clothes afire. She ran back to her bed and jumped upon it, rolling over and over in her agony, so that the bed clothes were afire in a half dozen places at once.

It was at this moment that the mother came back up the stairs, with her arms full of bundles. She heard her baby's shrieks of pain and smelled the smoke. She sprang for the door. It was locked. She had left her keys behind her, and the door, slamming, had latched automatically from the inside.

Beating madly upon the panels, the mother screamed in a voice that filled the whole building and threw the other tenants into panic. One of the first to come running was John Hobart, a plasterer, who lozen upstairs over the flower-vassers. Without wasting time asking questions he flung his body against the door, ripped it from the hinges and sprang through the opening.

ATTELL AGREES TO DRISCOLL'S TERMS

Abe Attell, champion featherweight of the world, and Jim Driscoll, champion featherweight of England, will meet in a ten-round contest at the National Athletic Club next Friday night. The match was arranged this afternoon. Al Lippe, manager of Attell, called at The Evening World office and stated that Attell would meet Driscoll at any weight the latter desired. Lippe said that 124 pounds at 6 o'clock, 125 pounds, or even 126 pounds at that hour, would be agreeable to Attell.

Lippe said the agreement would be signed this evening, and as Attell was ready to agree to anything Driscoll demanded there would be no obstacle in the way if the Englishman wanted a scrap.

DID YOU EVER THINK

What five or ten dollars a month put in GOOD New York real estate WOULD AMOUNT TO in a few years? Write to us and let us show you, or call at our office, BLADE & CO., 116 Broad St., N. Y. C.

LYNCHED AND BODY FILLED WITH SHOT

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Feb. 13.—Jake Wades, a negro, who was arrested yesterday in Gainesville, Fla., accused of being the assailant of Miss Irma Newell, at Lakeland, Fla., last Tuesday, was lynched to-day immediately following his identification by the young woman.

A posse of twenty-five men took him from the train and carried him to the Newell home. Miss Newell said there was no doubt that he was her assailant. He was hanged to a tree and his body riddled with bullets.

But quick as he was, the mother was quicker. She was the first to reach the child. She gathered her up from the bed where she writhed in a nest of flames and tried to beat out the fire with her bare hands. Her own garments were ignited.

Hobart and other neighbors rolled mother and child in their coats and smothered the fire. Mr. Wyncock, who took them both away in the ambulance, said little Celia would probably not get well, as she was so blistered and scared from head to foot.